

# NLE Choppa, Jumpin

(CashMoneyAP)

Thumbin'

Through, blue hundreds, yeah

Lotta, money (Kio, Kio)

I say, ayy

Ayy

Rubber band hundreds, this shit keep on comin'

I'm th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-thumbin' (Th-th-th-thumbin')

Move like a mummy, the drugs got him slumped

He a ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-ju-junkie (Ju-ju-ju-junkie)

Add to the convo if it's about money

I'm th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-thumbin' (Th-th-th-thumbin')

Used to be bummy, turned nothin' to somethin'

Now I got my bank account ju-ju-ju-jumpin' (Ju-ju-ju-jumpin')

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Hundred band, hundred band, guns in the Sprinter van

Never play middleman, we gotta get a man (We gotta get a man)

If I don't feel a man, we gotta kill a man

Spin like a ceilin' fan, not for the dividends

Reaping the benefits like he an immigrant

Lot of artillery, special delivery

Show my agility and my ability

Go on a killing spree like we the military (Let's go, let's go)

Play with my cash and I'm on your ass

Like the pockets on the back of your pants

Lay on my stash like it was a mattress

Pillowcases filled up with my bands

Couple grand in the addict, 'nother grand like magic, that's mathematics

Gettin' paid is a habit, ballin' like I was a Maverick or John Madden

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I'm thumbin' through bands and racks

Deep in that water, bitch, it ain't no friends in that

First nigga playin' get whacked

Scope on a new Glock, I got a lens attached

Like my shooter got aim assist

He bound to hit anything that he blammin' at

Catch him and bang him quick

Empty the clip, twelve hollows gon' lay in his back, uh

Uh, money counters beepin'  
Blue strip dreams while I'm sleepin'  
40 with a beam if they creepin'  
Too Turnt Gang what I'm bleedin'  
Snatch who chain? Bitch, I'm squeezin'  
Bullets patch his brain, he ain't breathin'  
Was posted in the rain with some heathens  
Look how far I came, they can't believe it

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